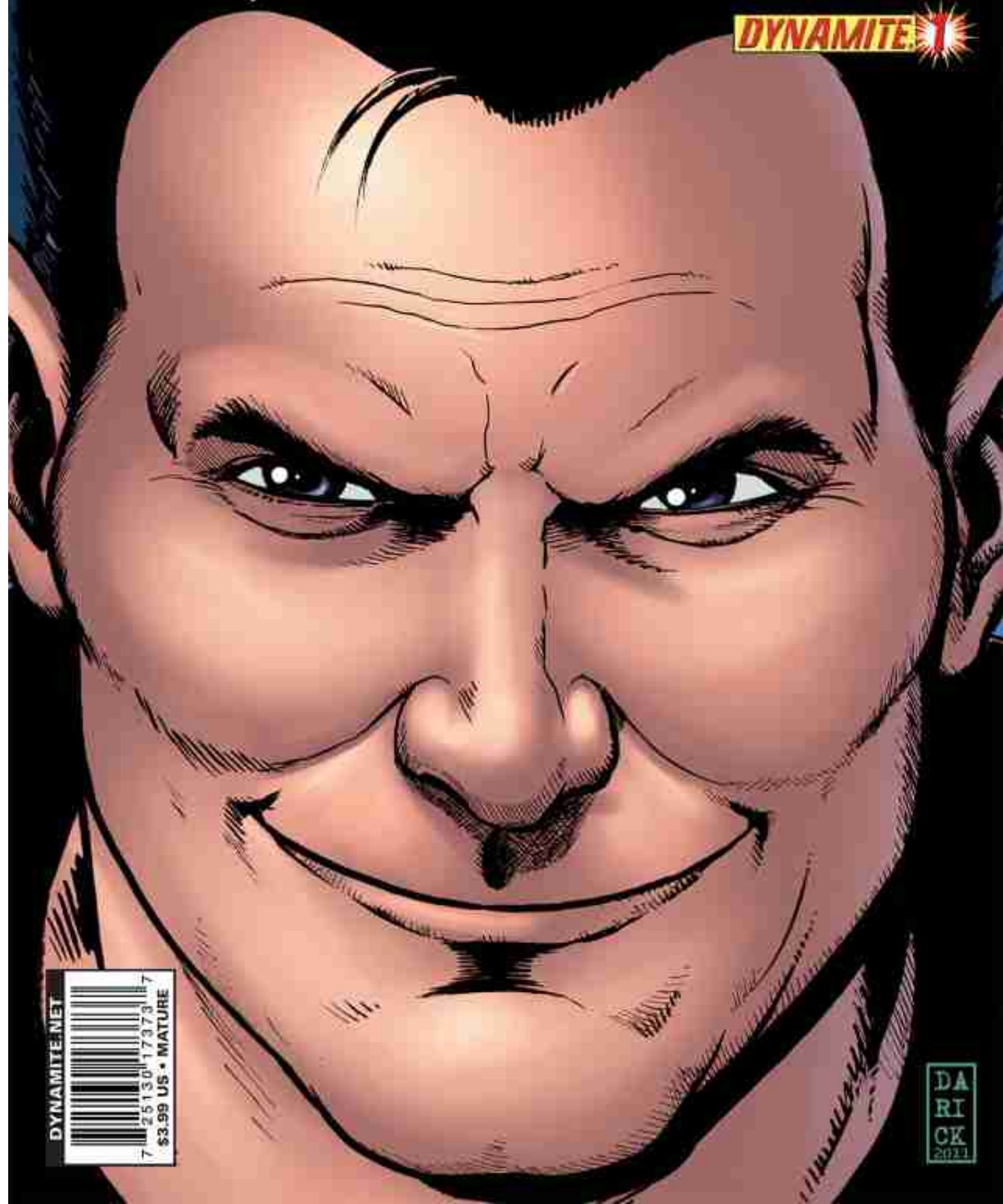


FROM THE PAGES OF **The BOYS**

BUTCHER

BAKER, CANDLESTICKMAKER™

DYNAMITE 



DYNAMITE.NET



7 25130 17373 7
\$3.99 US • MATURE

DA
RI
CK
2021

FROM THE PAGES OF **The BOYS.**

BUTCHER

BAKER, CANDLESTICKMAKER.

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys.**

Story by:
GARTH ENNIS

Colors by:
TONY AVIÑA

Pencils by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

Cover by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

Letters by:
SIMON BOWLAND

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON

DYNAMITE
ENTERTAINMENT

NICK BARRUCCI	• PRESIDENT
JUAN COLLADO	• CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
JOSEPH RYBANDT	• EDITOR
JOSH JOHNSON	• CREATIVE DIRECTOR
RICH YOUNG	• DIRECTOR BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT
JASON ULLMEYER	• SENIOR DESIGNER
JOSH GREEN	• TRAFFIC COORDINATOR
CHRIS CANIANO	• PRODUCTION ASSISTANT



THE BOYS™ BUTCHER, BAKER, CANDLESTICKMAKER™, volume 1, issue #1. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 155 Ninth Avenue, Suite B, Kinnelsburg, NJ 07034. Copyright © 2011 Dynamite Productions Ltd. and Darick Robertson. All Rights Reserved. THE BOYS™ all characters, the distinctive likenesses thereof and all related elements are trademarks of Dynamite Productions, Ltd. and Darick Robertson. Dynamite, Dynamite Entertainment & The Dynamite Entertainment logo is 2011 DFL. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Dynamite Entertainment except for review purposes. Printed in Canada.

For information regarding press, media rights, foreign rights, licensing, promotions, and advertising e-mail: marketing@dynamite.net

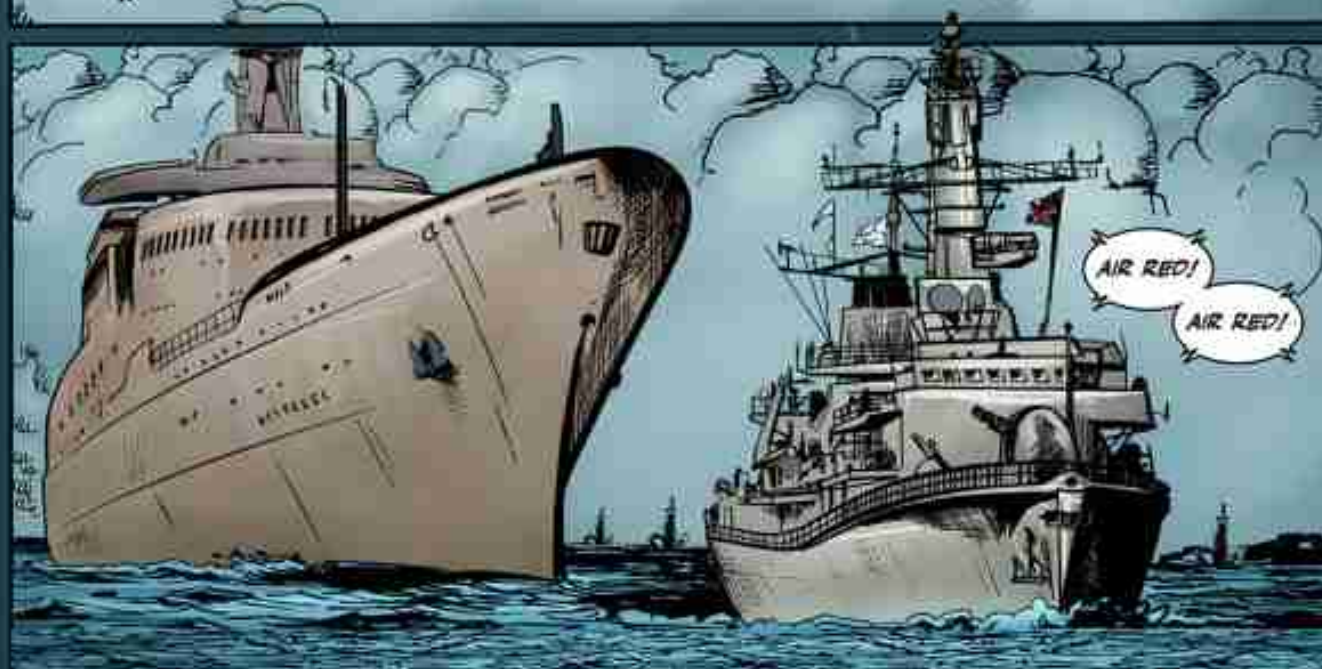
*It's time to demythologize an era and build
a new myth from the gutter to the stars.
It's time to embrace bad men and the price
they paid to secretly define their time.*

Here's to them.

- James Ellroy, American Tabloid

SAN CARLOS WATER, FALKLAND ISLANDS

21ST MAY 1982





ALL RIGHT,
HOLD YOUR FIRE!
HOLD YOUR FIRE,
LADS!

LET 'EM GET
CLOSER, YOU
WANNA MAKE
IT COUNT!



AIN'T THEY
TURNIN'...?

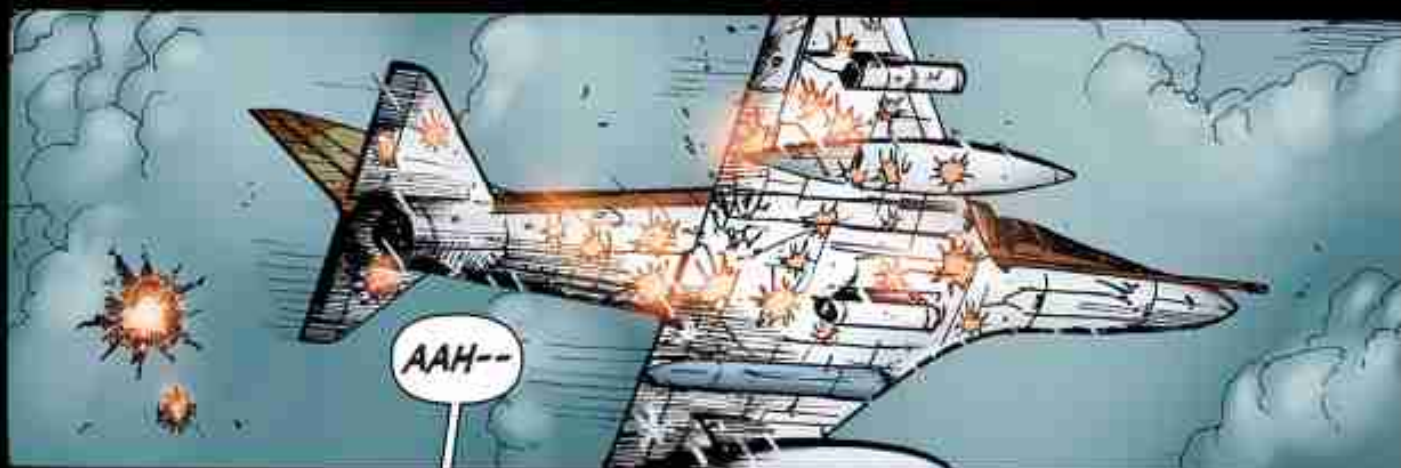
FUCK ME,

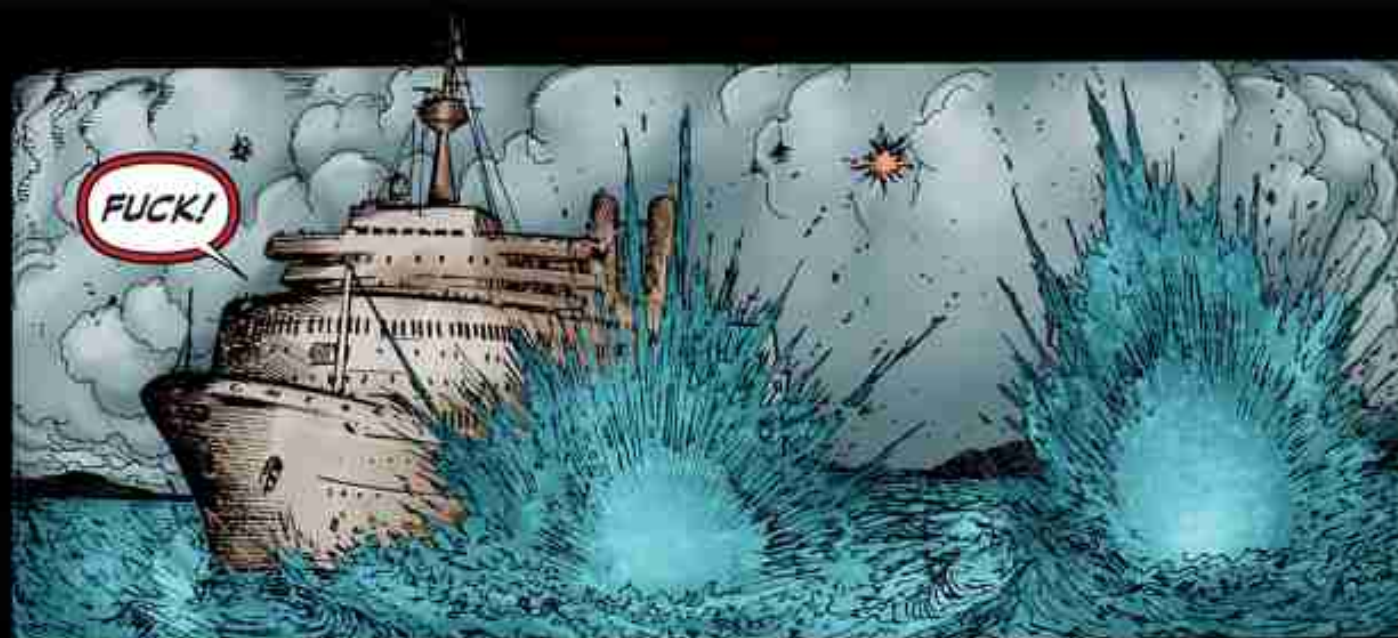
THEY AIN'T
AFTER THE LADS
WE PUT ASHORE,
THEY'RE AFTER
US--

ALL GUNS,
ALL BATTERIES,
OPEN FIRE!



COMMENCE,
COMMENCE,
COMMENCE!





FIRST CLASS
SHOOTING.

WELL DONE
THAT MAN.

1: BOMB ALLEY





I...I HOPE I DONE
RIGHT BY HIM, BILLY.
I KNEW YOU'D WANT HIM
LOOKIN' HIS BEST.

I STAYED UP ALL
NIGHT WORKIN' ON
HIM. SPARED NO
EXPENSE.

...NAH,
YOU DONE
HIM PROUD,
RON.

GIVE US
A MINUTE OR
TWO, WILL
YOU?

SALT O'
THE EARTH,
YER OL' MAN
WAS...



SALT O'
THE FUCKIN'
EARTH, EH?

STILL GOT
THESE CUNT'S
TERRIFIED OF
YOU.

"FUNNY YOU
BEIN' A BAKER,
WHAT WITH YER
NAME BEIN'--"

W.J. BUTCHER & SON

LAZLOW'S

"WALLOR CLARET
EVERYWHERE. THAT ALWAYS
TICKLED ME ABOUT YOU,
DAD, YOU'D TWAT SOME
ARSEHOLE JUST 'COS YOU
WAS BORED O' HEARIN' THE
SAME JOKE."

"IT WAS THE ONLY THING
ABOUT YOU I THOUGHT
WAS FUNNY, BUT STILL."

"NOT THAT YOU WAS A
REALLY A BAKER, ANYWAY.
YER DAD WAS, I S'POSE,
BUT THAT'S ABOUT AS
CLOSE AS YOU COME TO
LEARNIN' THE TRADE."

"COURSE, ROUND
HERE IT DIDN'T
MATTER WHAT YOU
DONE FOR A LIVIN'.
YOU WAS KING."

"AN' YOU MADE THE MOST O'
YER KINGDOM, DIDN'T YOU?"

"FUCK, THEY LIVED IN
TERROR O' YOU. LAUGHED
AT YER JOKES. LAUGHED
EVEN LOUDER WHEN YOU
SINGLED ONE O' 'EM OUT,
'COS THANK FUCK IT WAS
SOME OTHER CUNT'S TURN."

"AN' HOW MANY
O' THE WIVES DID
YOU SHAG...?"

"FUCK ME
RIGID. SOME O' THE
SLAPPERS YOU HAD."

I'D FETCH RON
IN HERE NOW, AN' TELL
HIM HE WAS WELCOME
TO TAKE A FUCKIN'
HATCHET TO YOU.

IF I
GAVE TWO TUGS
OF A DEAD DOG'S
COCK ABOUT THE
PATHETIC OLD
CUNT.

"BUT WHAT THE
FUCK YOU WAS DOIN' WITH
THEM SLAGS WHEN YOU'D
A BIRD LIKE MUM...

"WHAT WAS IT, YOU FANCY A
BIT O' STRANGE, OR
SOMETHIN'? YOU JUST LIKE
PLAYIN' AWAY FROM HOME?"



"THAT WOMAN WAS A
BLEEDIN' SAINT. NOW THAT'S
AN EASY THING TO SAY, DAD,
BUT THE FACT IS YOU MADE
IT EASY: 'COS STOOD NEXT
TO YOU, FUCKIN' MYRA
HINDLEY WOULD'VE LOOKED
LIKE THE PERFECT MOTHER.

"IF MUM EVER DID DO
ANYTHING OUT OF ORDER,
I DON'T REMEMBER. I
MEAN WHAT'S HER SLAPPIN'
ME ROUND THE HEAD FOR
ACTIN' UP A COUPLA TIMES,
NEXT TO—"



"WELL..."

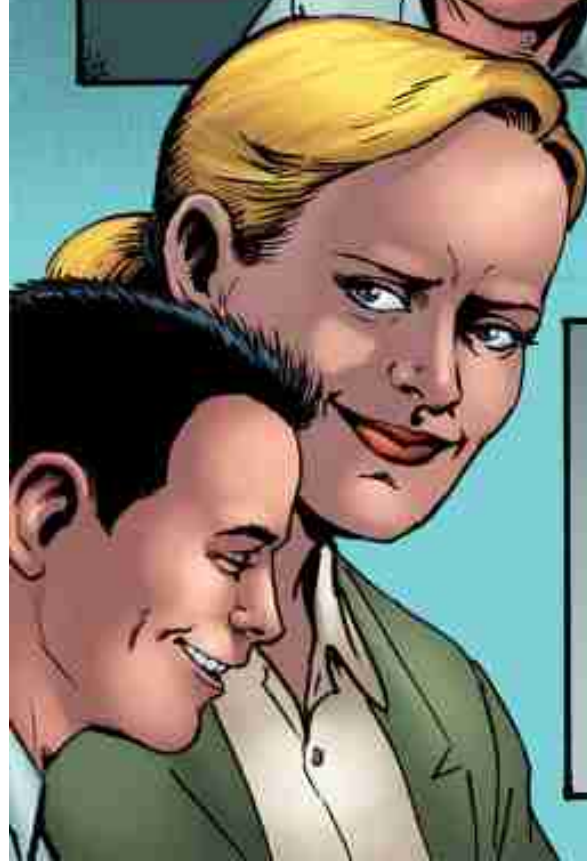
AAAHH













"COUPLE O' YEARS
LATER I REALLY
OVERSTEPPED."

"NO EXCUSE FOR IT,
REALLY. I JUST DIDN'T
LIKE PEOPLE GRABBIN'
HOLD O' ME."



"GOT EXPELLED.
BROKE MUM'S
HEART."

"BUT YOU
REMEMBER WHAT
YOU SAID?"



"WELL,
SOME CUNTS
NEED A SLAP,
DON'T THEY?"

"HERE."



"LONG PAST
TIME I BOUGHT
YOU YER FIRST
DRINK."



"MMP...
SEE,
MOST PEOPLE'RE
LIKE FUCKIN' SHEEP,
SON. GO WHERE THEY'RE
MEANT TO, DO WHAT
THEY'RE TOLD. 'COS
IT WORKS FOR 'EM, IT
GETS 'EM WHAT THEY
NEED TO BE HAPPY--
WHICH AIN'T MUCH."

"BUT
IF YOU'VE
GOT A BIT O'
NOUSE, YOU
CAN SEE THE
GAPS IN IT."



AN' IF YOU'VE GOT THE BOLLOCKS FOR IT, YOU CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE ALL YOU WANT.

NOW WHAT YOU DONE TODAY WERENT SMART--ALL RIGHT, WHO CARES YOU GOT CHUCKED OUT O' SCHOOL, YOU AINT GONNA LEARN NOTHIN' THERE ANYWAY. BUT IT'S A LOT O' FUCKIN' AGGRO YOU COULDA DONE WITHOUT, AM I RIGHT?

BUT ON THE OTHER HAND...IT SHOWS YOU GOT THE ATTITUDE.

WHY SHOULD YOU LET SOME OL' FUCKIN' ARSE-BANDIT OF A P.E. TEACHER TOUCH YOU, EH?

WHY SHOULD YOU LET ANYONE DO ANYTHIN', WHEN YOU CAN BE THE ONE WHAT DOES THE DOIN'.

YOU SHOULD THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU CAN HAVE, WHAT YOU CAN TAKE, IF YOU CAN GET IN BETWEEN THEM GAPS I WAS TALKIN' ABOUT.

YOU AINT LIKE YER BROTHER, ARE YOU? NAM, HE'S MORE LIKE YER MUM. HE'S A BIT OF A LITTLE GIRL, IF THE TRUTH BE TOLD.



BUT YOU: YOU'RE MORE LIKE ME.



THE MAGIC WORDS.

NOT THAT I EVER FORGOT WHAT YOU TOLD ME, FAR FROM IT. BUT YOU PUT ME ON THE STRAIGHT AN' NARROW FOR A BIT.

WHICH MUST'VE BEEN DISAPPOINTIN'.



'COURSE, IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME TO ASK WHY THIS BIG THEORY O' YOURS'D TAKEN YOU NO FURTHER'N RULIN' THE ROOST IN THIS DUMP.

CHIEF SHEEP..

"WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT YOU HAD YER STROKE, WHICH LOST YOU THE USE O' YER LEFT ARM.

"AN' IT WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT YOU HIT MUM SO HARD YOU CAVED IN HER EYESOCKET, FOR THE CRIME OF... TRYNA CUT UP YER LAMP CHOP SO IT'D BE EASIER FOR YOU TO EAT, WAS THAT IT?"

BILLY,
WHAT YOU
DOIN'...?

WHAT
THE FUCK
DOES IT
LOOK LIKE
I'M DOIN',
I'M GONNA
FUCKIN'
KILL HIM.

BUT
HE'S OUR
DAD...!

HE'S A
CUNT.

YOU
WHAT?

MUM'S GOTTA
HAVE A GLASS EYE.
HE'S RUINED HER. HE'S
FUCKIN' RUINED HER.
ONE O' THESE DAYS
HE'S JUST GONNA
FUCKIN' KILL HER.

WELL
I AIN'T LETTIN' IT
HAPPEN. I'M GONNA
GO UPSTAIRS AN'
I'M GONNA STICK
THIS IN HIS FUCKIN'
HEART, I DON'T
GIVE A SHIT WHAT
HAPPENS TO ME.

BILLY,
YOU CAN'T
DO IT!

GET OUTTA
ME FUCKIN'
WAY, LENNY.

NOW.





IF YOU DO THIS YOU'LL GO TO BORSAL, OR MAYBE PRISON, EVEN. YOU'LL WRECK YER WHOLE LIFE. YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PUT IT BEHIND YOU, 'COS YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE BLOKE WHAT KILLED HIS DAD.

AN'--
AN' YOU'LL WRECK *OUR* LIVES TOO, BILLY...



WE *NEED* DAD. HE BRINGS IN THE MONEY, DON'T HE? WITHOUT HIM WE'D'VE NOWHERE TO LIVE, NOTHIN' TO EAT.

AN' I MEAN WHAT ABOUT MUM? WHAT'S SHE GONNA THINK IF YOU DO IT--HER SON MURDERS HER HUSBAND, WHAT'S THAT GONNA BLOODY DO TO HER?



BILLY, YOU'LL BREAK HER HEART...!



PLEASE.

DON'T.

PLEASE.



...FUCK.

"YOU'D'VE THOUGHT I WAS A RIGHT WANKER, WOULDN'T YOU?"

"BOTTLIN' IT AT THE LAST MINUTE. CAN'T EVEN TOP HIS OL' MAN, CUNT."





BLOODY HELL...!

HAVE YOU--
JOINED UP?

NOT YET. HAD
A NATTER WITH THE
BLOKE DOWN THE
RECRUITIN' OFFICE,
BUT...

HE SAID
I'M EXACTLY
WHAT THEY'RE
LOOKIN' FOR.



SO ME
LITTLE BROTHER
STOPPED ME
DOIN' SOMETHIN'
HORRIBLE...



AN' HE WAS
RIGHT. I'D'VE BEEN BANGED
UP AN' MUM WOULD'VE BEEN
PENNYLESS, AN' IT WOULD'VE
TORN THE FAMILY APART.
THANK GOD FOR LENNY, YOU
KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

BUT
I GOTTA BE
HONEST, DAD.
SITTIN' HERE
LOOKIN'
AT YOU.



IT WOULD'VE
FELT SO GOOD,
SLIDIN' THAT
KNIFE BETWEEN
YOUR FUCKIN'
RIBS.



TO BE CONTINUED